

The Malihini's Latest.  
Let the Immigrants Know.  
Russians' Natural Serfs.  
Booze and Revenue.

That "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," appears to be applicable to the malihini who writes letters in the calf about local matters of which he has little knowledge. The malihini now criticizes Honolulu for lacking public drinking fountains. He has failed to discover that the board of health, for the past quarter of a century has placed the ban upon public drinking water fountains. The reason is obvious and particulars as to why need not be given here. Drinking cups for the public are not wanted in Honolulu. This proposition is backed up by the board of health, the medical fraternity, and all the intelligent class of residents. However, the W. C. T. U., has attended to the drinking water want at the Y. M. C. A. corner where a "spouting" fountain has been installed. This is a sort of catch-as-catch-can method of slaking one's thirst. The school department has been puzzled for years as to a method of giving the children drinking water without opening the way to transmit diseases. The only device that seems successful is the "trough" placed in the yard, where streams spout upward the water to be caught in the child's open mouth, the residue floating off the trough and into a waste pipe. With the occasional presence of glanders and other animal ailments the public horse trough has not been a prominent feature, and few owners of valuable horse flesh care to permit their horses and mules to drink where every other horse and mule can be watered. The difficulty is obviated by the use of buckets. The malihini will learn about local conditions, if he stays here long enough.

Why not print, in full detail and plain language, the offers that can be made to intending immigrants to Hawaii, in such places as Harbin, Funchal, or wherever agents of the Territory seek to secure settlers? The terms which can be offered here are fairly definite. Why should a lot of immigrants be able to come here and claim after arrival that they were promised a lot of things not possible of fulfillment? I wonder why Atkinson and Perelstous didn't adopt the simple expedient of putting in Russian type a clear statement of what the wages were to be, what might be expected in the way of opportunities for getting land, what prices for home supplies would be, etc. Give each immigrant a copy of a circular setting forth these things, and there could be no dispute after they got here. It may be objected that such a document might make trouble under the federal laws, as holding out promises to encourage immigration. But the promises were held out anyhow. I am told that some of the Portuguese brought here by Stackable claim that they have not got what they expected. If they had had the prospects given to them in black and white there could be no kick. That is the business way to conduct the business of securing immigrants.

The Russian pilikia suggests an explanation of why the people of Russia remain serfs, and have a Duma that is a mere farce. I am of the opinion that a good Russian luna with a blacksnake could get the whole force of immigrants now on Quarantine Island to work in an hour, and that their work would be good,—and further that they would settle down, satisfied, become prosperous and eventually develop a fine class of citizens,—were it possible to use just for a time the blacksnake method of starting them to work. This view is a most radical departure from my usual democratic ideas and my even socialistic prejudice against any kind of curtailment of human freedom or any attempt at coercion of labor. Of course, I wouldn't for anything advise that the Russians be forced to work. I merely express the view that it would be a good thing for them if they were so forced. They are used to being commanded, and there is no one to command them. They are not used to being consulted and asked what they want to do, and can not decide when asked. They are helpless. If they once go to work and get a start, they will prove good laborers, and in time good citizens. Supposing that they do so, in that delectable coming political campaign when Sam Johnson takes the stump and talks the language which, from its sounds, seems to me very properly associated with sneezes and whickers,—in that campaign,—if I have an issue all I want with the Russian vote is the last word, and I want to have it just when they start to vote.

If there was ever an "argument" that betrayed the inability to reason of the man who makes it, it is the old one of the loss of revenue through the enforcement of prohibition. The man who will seriously advance the plea that by cutting off the revenues from the sale of booze licenses any community is money out of pocket, ought to go over and swear himself in as a follower of the Russian agitators. He is qualified. In my opinion it would be quite as sensible to import some mad dogs in order to make business through the sale of muzzles as to license saloons in order to collect the license fees, and I am not a rabid prohibitionist either. No business man of the least business sense would hesitate for a minute in cutting out some branch of his business in which the expense exceeded the income, and there is no community on earth, from Kakanako to Timbuctoo, in which the expense to the community of the liquor traffic does not exceed all that is ever collected in license fees and fines. This is so plainly the case that I wonder every time I hear the loss-of-revenue buncombe that any one dares suggest it as an argument and expect to be taken seriously. Yet, it is the antiprohibition argument oftener advanced.

## Small Talks

**MAYOR FERN**—Yes, I do think it is a fine thing to have an auto.  
**JOE COHEN**—No, sir, those Democrats can't steal my thunder.  
**HENRY M'RAE**—This place just suits me. I'd like to come here every year.  
**HARRY ARMITAGE**—Reports from the plantations certainly are highly encouraging.  
**PERELSTOUS**—The Russians will all go to work within a very few days. Mark my words.  
**CHARLIE ROSE**—No, I am not a candidate for Jarrett's job. I shall run again for deputy sheriff.  
**LIGHTFOOT**—Perelstous deceived the Russians. The Russians deceived me. They deceived each other. Please express my opinion of them in blanks.  
**GOVERNOR FRAZER**—I think that if the Russians acted as individuals such as his own initiative, they might be satisfactory here. But they don't.  
**HENRY JARRETT**—The Mayor and I went around the island in the Mayor's auto. But there was no politics in it. Of course, we couldn't help seeing voters.  
**JOE U. COHEN**—With the state federation ready to import high class attractions and the board of immigration importing rascally tars, the theatrical business in Honolulu ought to be good.

## THE ADVENTURES OF JOSHER BLUFFEM A Learned Genius Discourses of Art

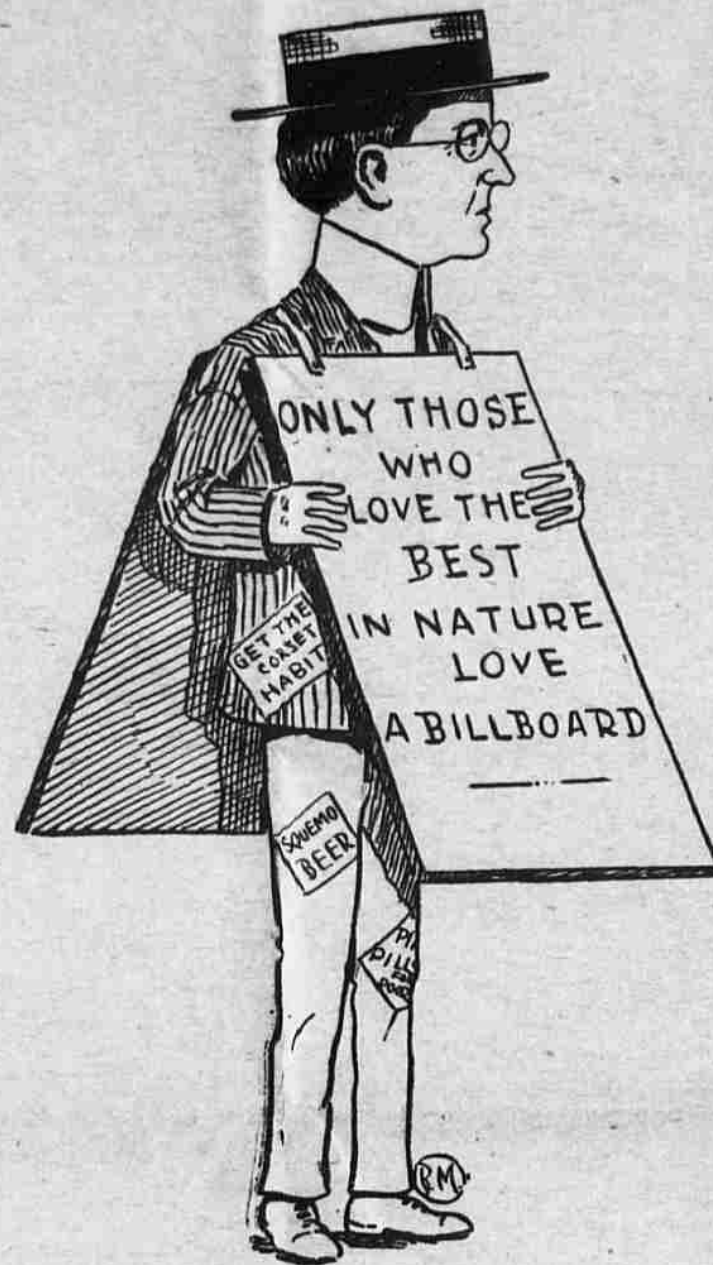
I found him sitting in the shade of a two-story billboard, reading Sesame and Lilies. The billboard was adorned with a pink cow of the male persuasion rampant on a field purple suffused with the lilac glow of a green sun. Blue clouds sailed gracefully across a maroon sky. A legend running across the top of the picture advised all readers to buy Bull Holstein tobacco.

I recognized instantly with my usual keen perception and infallible intuition that he was a genius and guessed that he was an artist. That is a combination for which I have the utmost respect and I approached him humbly, hat in hand.

"Aren't you afraid to sit there?" I asked. "That billboard might fall on you."

"Well, what if it does? It's my billboard," he replied with the testiness of genius. "And anyway, it hasn't fallen yet. I have never been killed in all my life, so you needn't worry."

I saw at once that he was a logician as well as an artist and my respect



for him increased. I determined to make his acquaintance at all hazards, even if I had to listen to the story of his life.

"You are an artist, aren't you?" I said hesitatingly.

He looked offended. "Is it possible, young man," he said severely, "that you do not know me? I thought everybody knew me. I am Billboard Charlie."

I think I looked properly impressed, for he proceeded. "You must have seen my work if you have been in Honolulu any length of time. I have masterpieces scattered all over the city."

"Ah, you have sold many paintings, then," I said admiringly.

"Sold? No, no, you don't understand. I don't sell my paintings. That would be degrading, too commercial. I believe in Art for Art's sake. I have a purpose in life, a big, noble purpose. I am trying to educate the public, teach the common herd to understand the grand principles of Art, lift them up to my own level so that they will recognize and appreciate the unselfish efforts of men who, like myself, are devoting ourselves to the betterment of Humanity."

"Ah, it's hard work sometimes and frequently my efforts are not properly appreciated by an ungrateful public. But that is the common fate of genius, not to be appreciated. But future generations will do me honor, even if the people of the present do object to the public display of my choicest productions. But come with me and I'll show you some of my work."

We walked up the street a few blocks and Charles R. Frazier—for it was none other than he—stopped in front of a huge painting representing a bottle of Squeemo beer.

"This," he said modestly, "is something I have done in still life. Don't you think the effect is pretty good? Notice the delicate shade of the golden beer as contrasted with the sky-blue bottle. Isn't it realistic? You see, I am a realist in Art, what you might call the Zola of the palette."

"It is often embarrassing to be a realist. You see, I am a prohibitionist as well, but, being a realist and realizing that there is such a thing as beer, I feel myself irresistibly forced to paint beer. But I never drink it—at least, not often. This chef d'oeuvre, however, has caused me considerable trouble, as the members of my Sunday school class often ask me how I can consistently fight the Demon Rum and at the same time glorify him in my art. My answer, I fear, is not properly understood sometimes. I always say that I believe in Art for Art's sake, even though I am a realist, and therefore, since there is beer, I must paint beer artistically."

"Do you read Ruskin? No? Well, you ought to. I do. Here, let me read you a few passages of what he has to say about Art. Perhaps it may help you better to understand the rather wonderful details of the next work I am going to show you."

The artist pulled out his copy of Ruskin and devoted an hour and a quarter to reading me spasms from it. "I don't quite like the grammatical construction of some of Ruskin's sentences," he said as he closed the book, "but the sentiment in general is correct."

"Now, look at this work of mine," and Billboard Charlie pointed to the next masterpiece. It represented a rather scantily clothed lady balancing on one foot and waving a catsup bottle at a purple sky. She wore a short skirt of pink, lavender and red which contrasted beautifully with her blue and green sash.

"I am a modest man," said the artist, "but that is what I call Art. Notice the unusual combination of colors. Did you ever see anything like that before? No? I didn't think you had. You never had such combinations in nature. Nature is crude, raw, unsartistic. It is my task to improve on Nature. I am trying to decorate the landscape, to add to the scenery of Hawaii the beauties which Nature in her ignorance left out."

"Look, for instance, at that vacant lot,—not a thing on it but grass and a few flowers. How much more beautiful it would be if I had a ten-foot billboard in front of it with an educational legend, such, for instance, as 'Buck's Kuntz's Fifty-seven Varieties' or 'Drink Squeemo, The Beer That Made Kakanako Notorious.'"

"While I was admiring the beauties of Frazier's masterpiece, a puff of wind came along and blew the billboard over onto me. Fortunately I was

not killed, merely sustaining a broken arm and a fracture of the skull. The passers-by removed the billboard and pulled me out and I found the artist immersed in Sesame and Lilies.

"That was a very unfortunate accident," he said when I interrupted him, "but I am ambitious. And my ambitions are lofty and far-reaching. It will take time to realize them, but I hope some day to have an artistic masterpiece such as this one erected in front of every vacant lot in Honolulu; I hope to have a work of art on every dead wall, on the roof of every gabled building. And listen, the day will come, I am confident, when the name of Billboard Charlie will be found at the base of an enormous painting set up on Punch-bowl,—a painting which I will call 'Neverrippants.' Ah, I can see it in my mind's eye now,—a beautiful pair of trousers, striped for preference, painted on a red, white and blue background. That work of art shall be large enough so that it can be read by incoming tourists miles out at sea. Ah, that, my friend, will be Fame. And I am ambitious."

## STORMY TIME IN LOCAL SEAS

Interisland Steamer Crews Have  
Hard Experiences—Three  
Men Injured.

Three men injured, a rudder damaged and three landing boats crumpled and put out of commission is the result of a chapter of accidents reported by various steamers of the Inter-Island line yesterday.

Hamakua coast has been swept by bad weather during the past week, accompanied by heavy rainfall, while the boatmen of the steamers working along the coast took their lives in their hands when they attempted to work freight to and from the shore. The Likiep, while working at Honokaa on Friday, lost one of her boats in the rough seas. The boat was washed up on the shore but the crew escaped.

On Saturday afternoon another boat was taking freight to the landing. The sea was extremely rough and the boatmen worked like Trojans at the oars and the boatsteerer had difficulty in keeping his boat out of the heavy surf which broke alarmingly over the rocks. An unusually heavy surf caught the big boat and dashed it straight for the shore. It landed and pounded upon the dangerous rocks, and the entire crew was thrown out. They battled for their lives. The boatsteerer, Daniel Nihau, was thrown with terrific force upon the rocks and was dragged out half dead, with his left leg broken in two places. One fracture is between the knee and hip and the other below the knee. Another Hawaiian received a bad cut on his head while a Japanese was injured on one of his legs.

The physician at Honokaa was summoned and he attended the injuries of the men, who were immediately transferred to the steamer Iwawani, which arrived here yesterday afternoon. The men were at once sent to the Queen's Hospital.

The Iwawani loaned the Likiep one of her boats so that she could continue to work freight.

### Kaulani's Rudder Damaged.

The steamer Kaulani, which has been working along the Hawaii coast, making Hilo her headquarters, arrived yesterday forenoon from Hilo with her rudder tried up with tackle, the crew standing by the tackle on deck ready to lend a hand should the wheel fail to work or the rudder give way entirely.

The Kaulani has been working a long time on the Hawaii coast, and the rudder showed signs of giving out. The captain decided it was time to come to Honolulu for an overhauling. In order to avoid accidents en route the tackle was passed to the rudder and made fast in the rings and then passed up to the after deck. There it was arranged so that, if necessary, it could be hauled to port or starboard.

The Kaulani also brought one of the steamer Kaulani's boats for repairs. One end of the boat is crushed in.

An auto brought from Kaulani yesterday on the Kinau, was smashed through a rope tackle parting. The owner who had hoped to tickle the cariburetor immediately on arrival, was compelled to take the more plebeian method of transportation by trolley, while his machine is in the repair garage.

## HAWAII COWBOYS TO BE INVITED

Will Have a Chance Again at the  
Wyoming Frontier  
Day Meet.

Colonel Roosevelt has accepted the invitation of the Frontier Day association to visit Cheyenne this summer to witness the cowboy sports which are now one of the most prominent events of the West.

The news that Roosevelt would be a spectator has caused a furor throughout the cowboy States and Territories and the lariat men are preparing to invade Cheyenne in greater numbers than ever. The Denver papers commenting on the matter state that all the world's champions in riding, bull-lock throwing, etc., are to be there, including Johnnie Winters, who is now in Honolulu.

It is proposed to invite cowpunchers from Hawaii, and possibly the quartet at the Parker Ranch, including Ikeu Pardy, may be sent there this year to compete again.

Roosevelt has a soft spot in his heart for Hawaiian cowboys and here is the opportunity to show the ex-President just what kind of cowpunchers they are.

### PLEASANT—SOOTHING—HEALING.

Prompt relief in all cases of throat and lung trouble if you use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Pleasant to take, soothing and healing in effect. For sale by all Dealers. Beware of cheap imitations. L. B. Rogers for Hawaii.

## NO ATTACK ON THE ADVERTISER

Rev. W. B. Oleson, on Contrary,  
Strongly Commends Policy  
of This Paper.

In spite of a report in circulation and a faked transcription in the Bulletin of his remarks before the Christian Endeavor rally of Friday evening, Rev. W. B. Oleson made no attack, direct or indirect, upon The Advertiser. That any such was made is warmly denied by Mr. Oleson, by Rev. Dr. Wadman and others. Yesterday, in order that the matter might be cleared up, The Advertiser sent a representative to secure a personal statement from Mr. Oleson, who wrote out the following:

Editor Advertiser:—On Friday evening last at the Endeavor Union rally at Central Union Church, I was one of the appointed speakers on Prohibition. The spirit of my speech was one of congratulation—first, that the people at last were to have the privilege of voting on the question of prohibition; second, that they were to have this privilege without any complication with other issues, and third, that there were most encouraging signs that men of differing views on temperance laws and expedients were getting together gradually among us in favor of prohibition.

In the course of my remarks I held up a cutting "from the morning newspaper," containing my friend Towse's plan as a substitute for prohibition, and endeavored to show the insufficiency of the regulation which he proposed.

Thus when he urges "Hunt out the sources of supply of Dago Red and suppress them," I maintained that that should be done now, and because it was not being done, that fact argued against the efficacy of regulation. Again, when he urges "Divorce bottle selling from the retail business," I maintained that if he meant that the bottle selling should be by the wholesaler, the changed regulation would not lessen the evil sought to be remedied. Again, when he urges that the authority of the commission be "a real, live, logical, workable, rational thing," I maintained that we had now as good and as efficient a commission as we were ever likely to have.

Again, when he urges "Curtail the privileges of the clubs or add to the privileges of responsible hotels," I added: "And this is what the proposed regulation brings us to, as a substitute for prohibition, viz., the increased privilege of responsible hotels to sell more liquor." I closed with the statement that the people had tried regulation long enough, and that it was time to try something else.

I made no reference to The Advertiser other than that above. The cutting had only Mr. Towse's plan on it, and I referred very briefly and as above to his four points.

I make this statement at your request, Mr. Editor. It can be substantiated by reputable citizens who were present. My points were few, and were all made in a spirit of conciliation, my object being to draw together men of different views for united action on this supreme issue.

Had I differed from the policy of The Advertiser on this question I would not have hesitated to state wherein I differed; but as I have heartily approved of The Advertiser's course, such a thing as criticizing it would be so foreign to my mood that I am utterly bewildered as to how it was possible for your reporter to have gathered any such impression from anything said by me on that occasion.

The reference to myself in an editorial note of your Saturday's issue is matter of minor importance. Your present courtesy in requesting a statement from me, who would otherwise have remained silent, is certainly honorable.

I believe the discussion of this great moral question can be conducted on a level commensurate with its importance. I believe that all men who recognize the evils of the saloon business, despite their differences as to the best solution, should get together, and by their votes secure a fair trial of the only solution that is practically before us. I honor the position your paper has taken on this great issue, and I am glad to assure you that all statements to the contrary, and especially as to my Friday evening speech, can be disproved in every least particular by men who were present whose word should be the final one in this whole matter.

WM. BREWSTER OLESON.

## RUSSIAN PILIKIA DETAINS GOVERNOR

The Russian pilikia is one of several important affairs that prevented Governor Frazer from leaving for Hawaii Friday evening as he had intended. The Governor and Marston Campbell are going to the Big Island for two or three weeks to look into land matters. But their trip has been postponed until a week from next Tuesday, largely, the Governor stated yesterday, on account of the Russian situation.

There is to be another French aviation meet at Hilo.